

ANECDOTES  
OF THE  
EMPEROR JOSEPH II.

[Price ONE SHILLING and SIX PENCE.]

OF THE  
EMPEROR JOSEPH II.  
DURING HIS  
RESIDENCE IN FRANCE  
UPON A VISIT  
TO HIS SISTER  
THE EMPRESS  
QUEEN OF FRANCE

Translated from the French of the  
[THE VALENTIN-GODRAY]  
SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:  
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*Du Coudray K*

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N<sup>o</sup> 32, FLEET STREET.

M.DCC.LXXVIII.

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ADVERTISEMENT

**T**HE Anecdotes of the Emperor Joseph the II. by the Chevalier de Coudray, were expected with eagerness, and received with pleasure, by people of the first rank at Paris. What rendered them particularly interesting to the readers of that metropolitan, was their acquaintance with the character of

PARIS: 1791.

TRANSLATOR'S  
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THE Anecdotes of the Emperor Joseph the II. by *The Chevalier de Coudray*, were expected with eagerness, and received with pleasure, by people of the first rank at Paris. What rendered them particularly interesting to the inhabitants of that metropolis, was their acquaintance with the character of

VI ADVERTISEMENT.

the great personage to whom they relate; nor were they ignorant of the integrity and honour of the writer who undertook to be his Historian. *The Chevalier de Coudray* was at the utmost pains to find out the truth; and there are, perhaps, few accounts of princes, written during their own life-time, as much to be depended on as that of the present Emperor.

Having formed the design of publishing anecdotes of this illustrious traveller, during his residence at Paris, Monsieur de Coudray was assiduous



ADVERTISEMENT. vii

assiduous in applying to the best sources of information. He wished to supply what was imperfect, and to authenticate what was doubtful. For this purpose he wrote the following letter, soon after he had begun to collect materials for his performance; to the Count Merci, the Emperor's ambassador at Paris:

"SIR,

"I am a French gentleman, and formerly belonged to the regiment of Musketeers; I have served twenty-two years, seen various campaigns, and received many wounds.

“As I am no longer employed in the military line, I have applied myself to literature. I here send you the fruits of my studies\*, I wish they may have your approbation; and I shall now proceed to the subject of my letter.

“I am writing an account of the words and actions of Count Falkenstein, during his residence at Paris, with anecdotes of the bounty and humanity of that prince.

• Verses on Luxury,

“Be

"Be pleased, sir, to consider this work, not as the panegyric of your sovereign, but as an homage due to merit.

"I beg you would let me know your hour of audience, that I may have the honour to wait on you, in order to satisfy myself of the truth of certain anecdotes, with which you must be acquainted."

The ambassador answered him with the politeness due to a brave old officer who wishes to do honour

x

## ADVERTISEMENT.

nour to the character of a young martial prince, whose behaviour had excited his admiration.

The reader therefore may be assured that however minute many of the following anecdotes may appear, they have the advantage at least to be genuine; and this is the circumstance of greatest weight, especially where such an august character is concerned.

With regard to the greatest part of mankind, we limit our desire of information to matters which are

either



# ADVERTISEMENT.

xi

either very important or very curious. But it has always been the prerogative of princes to excite attention by every word and action; the smallest circumstance that relates to them, the most minute anecdote, if well attested, is thought worthy of being known and recorded. These particulars, however insignificant in themselves, may make us acquainted with a character which it is material to understand, because it must have extensive effects on the destiny not only of individuals but of nations.

The

The advantage, however, of such memoirs is not confined to the present age, or to that particular period in which he, who is the subject of them happens to live; they afford useful materials to the future historian, and the private character of the man explains the conduct of the statesman or general. In a little anecdote of Cæsar, as he passed through a poor country village, the Roman historians discover that restless spirit of ambition which made him uneasy until he became master of his country.—Xenophon tells a similar story of Cyrus when a boy, which

which he says, made it probable that he would wrest the empire from the Medes.—No biographer has been at more pains than Plutarch to collect anecdotes of the statesmen and generals whom he describes; and he shews how exactly their public character coincides with their behaviour in private life. Had he seen the following anecdotes of Joseph II. he would have concluded from them that he was far superior in humanity to all the ancient generals collected together. It is impossible that *he* who on every occasion shews so much sympathy with

with the miserable, should deliver up towns, taken by storm, to the mercy of his soldiers, or barbarously put to death the prisoners who had fallen into his hands.—There is not one of Plutarch's captains who were not guilty of such enormities; this shews the superior improvement not only of particular characters in the present times, but of the age itself.

In order still farther to promote this improvement, it might perhaps be of no small use to publish, during his own life-time, memoirs and anecdotes of every prince in Europe.

Diodorus



ADVERTISEMENT. XV

Diodorus Siculus informs us of a custom among the Egyptians of making the funeral oration of their kings, containing their satire or panegyric. And he observes, after the ancient authors from whose writings he compiled his historical library, that it is extraordinary to consider what happy effects this custom produced.

If the love of fame or fear of censure, therefore, could have so much weight with princes who desired to attain the one and avoid the other after their own deaths,

xvi      A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

a period which would to every one  
of them appear very distant, how  
much more powerfully must the same  
principles exert themselves, when  
employed about *present objects*?

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E R R A T A.

Pa. 45, line 3 from bottom, after *he r. sent him.*

65, line 11, after *must r. not.*

TO  
THE QUEEN.

MADAM,

THE King having thought  
fit to reduce the Mus-  
queteers, in which corps I had  
the honour to serve him, I have  
employed the talents that hea-  
ven has given me for letters,  
being no longer useful as a sol-  
dier. I began to write the His-  
tory of the Marshals of France,  
but have ceased for a little to  
cultivate this national theme, in  
order to compose the following

A pam-

pamphlet, of which the chief merit consists in the subject, which emboldens me to dedicate it to you. Deign to receive it as a proof of my persuasion that the publication will be agreeable to those amiable sentiments and to that fraternal tenderness, which all Paris saw and admired. I am, with the most profound respect,

YOUR MAJESTY'S

most humble and devoted  
subject and servant,

*The Chevalier de Coudray.*



# ANECDOTES

## INTRODUCTION.

**A**DVERSITY instructs man;  
travelling instructs kings:  
it is impossible that a young monarch, surrounded with flatterers and ignorant retainers of a court, and intoxicated with sensual delights and deceitful pleasures, should ever form his understanding or his heart: reading may make him acquainted with the manners and customs of other

countries; but the great art of rendering his subjects happy cannot be taught by books; he must travel and imitate the example of Peter the Great.

The Count of Falkenstein arrives in this kingdom, we know who he is, but our posterity might ask concerning that illustrious traveller who arrived in France in 1777; who continued incognito at Paris; who performed signal acts of bounty and humanity; who visited our hospitals, churches, public monuments, the cabinets of the curious, and the shops of artists: every one would advance his opinion; and their  
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conjectures might be as uncertain as about the man with the *iron mask*.

It is with a view to satisfy their doubts that I undertake the present work, and attempt to give some account of a journey that will be long remembered.

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**T**HE Count of Falkenstein arrived at Versailles the 19th April 1777, without pomp or ostentation, and almost unattended. We are informed that he had never travelled with above twenty-four post-horses; he dismounted at the castle,

and went immediately to salute the King, Queen, the Counts of Provence and d'Artois, and all the royal family, and supped in the small apartments with their majesties.

On the same day he visited the Ministers of State; the Count of Merci; the imperial ambassador at the court of France being indisposed, our illustrious traveller was accompanied by the Count of Belgioso, his envoy extraordinary at the court of London.

I ought not to forget that he refused to see any person at Nancy, even the magistrates of the town; and



and the day after his arrival there, went to hear mass at the church of the Cordeliers, the burial place of his ancestors, and having visited the barracks, the military hospital, and seen the parade of the garrison, continued his journey.

The following adventure happened at that place: the chamber-maid of the hotel d'Angleterre, hearing that the Emperor was expected, told the Count of Falkenstein, who had arrived unattended, "I am told that the Emperor is coming, and desire it with all my heart; he will surely give me enough to

"pay for the silver plate I have lost,  
"and must answer for, because he  
"is very generous." Our illustrious  
traveller ordered four louis d'ors to  
be given her, before he set out next  
day.

I have likewise the next story upon  
undoubted authority: the Count  
of Falkenstein having stopped at an  
inn in his journey to France, accom-  
panied only with one gentleman,  
desired to have supper immediately.  
An hour afterwards arrived a French  
officer, who begged the landlady  
he might sup in company with  
some body, for his humour was not  
to eat alone. The hostess asked the

two

two strangers, who were unknown to her, if they would allow him to sup with them: they consented; the Frenchman went above stairs, and after ordinary compliments were over, sat down to table, and talked of the object of his journey. I am going, said he, to Vienna to solicit employment from the Emperor; report is favourable to this prince, and I should be delighted to see and serve him. I have good recommendations to his prime minister, among other letters one from the prince—and another from the duke.—The Emperor questioned him about his profession, in such a manner as might be expected from a man to whom

whom the whole art of war was known. The officer answered to his satisfaction, and begged a letter of recommendation to his first minister. The Emperor writes, and seals it; the Frenchman thanks him, and retires. The reader need not be informed that this letter was of more consequence to the officer's advancement than those of the duke and prince. He afterwards thanked his benefactor in a song, which does more honour to his gratitude than to his genius: the burden of it is, that the Austrians, as well as the French, experience the Emperor's bounty, and admire his virtues.

The



The Count of Falkenstein went to see the menagerie at Versailles, accompanied by one person: the keeper told him politely, that it was not customary to shew it until a sufficient number of spectators were assembled; he waited with patience, and entertained himself with walking among the trees; the company assemble by degrees, the gates are opened, and the Emperor enters with the crowd; he sees, examines, and considers every thing with attention: the keeper, at length, told the company, "Ladies and gentlemen, "I intreat you to make haste; we "expect the Emperor, and it will "be necessary that every body go  
" out

"out whenever he arrives." The illustrious traveller made no reply, but continued to satisfy his curiosity. As he went out, however, he ordered his conductor to give ten louis to the keeper of the menagerie. It is added to this story, that an Englishman hearing the Emperor reason and talk like a connoisseur of the nature of the different animals, took him by the sleeve bawling out, Moucher, moucher, explain that to me.

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The Emperor went to see the royal hotel for the invalids, and found this superb monument worthy  
of

of the magnificence of Louis XIV. He testified his satisfaction to the king, adding, that he had seen with pleasure these brave old soldiers so well accommodated.

The Count of Falkenstein went to visit the Lazarettoes, the hospitals for the sick, and the foundlings. His compassion was moved, his heart was melted at the sight of suffering humanity; he approved not the mode, which we are forced to employ from necessity, of putting four sick persons in one bed: the distressed experienced the effects of his bounty. He ordered ten thousand livres to be given them.

Let

Let us turn our eyes from these objects of distress, to relate an anecdote of his gaiety. He had gone to see the college of the four nations, which still borrows its name from Mazarin; meeting with a school boy, he caressed him, asked him in what class he studied, and who he was? Sir, replied the boy, I am Emperor. Very well, said his majesty, give me your hand? you know the proverb\*. He accompanied this pleasantry with

\* The French proverb to which his imperial majesty alludes is, "de marchand à marchand il n'y a que la main"—which means, that shaking hands is a sufficient security between two merchants. His majesty generalises this proverb and says, "d'Empereur à l'Empereur il n'y a que la main."

a pen-



a pension of twelve hundred livres, which will be augmented in proportion as the young scholar advances in his studies.

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Our illustrious traveller visited many persons of both sexes in this capital; and he never favoured any one with this honour who did not experience his bounty. Nor was he more liberal of his presents than of the most flattering expressions, and most encouraging compliments; he often said to those who were at pains to shew their respect to him, "Be covered, you constrain me, put on your hat, otherwise I shall take off mine.

Go

Go not to the door with me, your time is precious; no compliment; tell me the truth, I seek to know it; speak to me with freedom, I love it; disguise nothing, I wish to be informed."

It is related that going to the coffee-house of the regency, near the royal palace, in order to amuse himself with the game of chess, for which that coffee-house has been long famous, he was surprized at finding no body to play with him, and asked the reason: "Why, said the landlady, it is the Emperor, who is just going to the royal palace. This misfortune has happened to me frequently; I shall not be able to sell any thing all morning; all Paris

must see the Emperor; but it is surely natural to esteem those who do much good." Three or four persons came in, but all refuse to play on account of the Emperor, who was expected. He himself continues alone in the coffee-room, converses with the landlady, and among other questions asks her, whether she had herself seen the Emperor? she replied that her situation of life had as yet deprived her of that advantage; but that she hoped so to contrive matters as to escape one morning to see him at his hotel, because she knew that he was easy of access to persons of all conditions. The Count of Falkenstein said nothing in

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return

return for this civility, but putting his hand in his pocket, pulled out a louis d'or of the present reign; and added, as he gave it her, "there is Lewis the sixteenth, and *here* is the Emperor."

Another adventure of the same kind, and which equally proves how well he preserved his incognito, is said to have happened in the same coffee-house: coming in, and desiring to play at chess, he was seconded only by one person, who agreed to play provided it were for a short time; the game however was not like to end soon, and our chess-player becoming uneasy, turned himself on

all



all sides, stamped with his feet on the ground, and discovered marks of impatience; Count Falkenstein asked him what was the matter: "Sir, said he, the Emperor is coming to the palais royal, and I have a great desire to see him; so, if you please, let us put off the game till this evening, or next morning."

On the tenth of May the Count of Falkenstein went to the Academy of Sciences, he refused to accept of the place of distinction which was offered him, and contented himself with one of the seats appropriated to the numerous strangers, whom curiosity

or the love of improvement frequently assemble in the academy. Several members read discourses analogous to the nature of their institution; and the Count of Arcy presented the royal stranger with a new kind of musket, which he had invented, and which had been approved by the learned society to which he belongs.

Our poets, eager to distinguish themselves by celebrating the noble simplicity, which characterises the person and actions of the Emperor, have favoured us with many verses in his praise; we shall translate an ode, which we hope will not appear destitute

destitute of merit \*, as the subject of it is analogous to the particulars which have been related—

*“The Eagle seeking Jupiter!”*

“King of birds! whom doest thou seek? King of birds! why art thou uneasy and afflicted? Where goes the faithful minister of Jupiter? Where then does he go? Why, with an uncertain flight, does he float over the kingdom of lilies, where we have never before beheld him? Art thou banished from Olympus thy ordinary abode? I see no longer in thy talons the sparkling thunderbolt; thy wings

\* The translator is informed that this ode was originally written in Greek.

which formerly cleaved the clouds,  
now humbly graze the ground; thy  
eye which used to fix the dazzling  
disk of the sun, is now melancholy  
and dejected. King of birds! whom  
dost thou seek? King of birds!  
why art thou uneasy and afflicted?

I seek Jupiter, and Jupiter eludes  
my search; concealing his divinity  
he has directed his steps towards  
these climates; and, under the figure  
of a mortal, visits the happy em-  
pire of lilies, which a young queen,  
beauteous as the rose, embellishes  
with her charms—I seek Jupiter,  
and Jupiter eludes my search.

King



King of birds! be consoled; I have discovered thy master in spite of the veil which conceals him. A stranger has appeared among us, without pomp or attendance; his appearance announces nothing more than mortal; his dress is simple; his chariot is modest; his table is frugal; he hides himself from the admiration and applauses of the people, but he has the beneficence and majesty of a God.—Yes—He is a God.—King of birds! be consoled, I have discovered thy master in spite of the veil which conceals him.

I have seen him view our battalions with attentive eyes, and observe with

pleasure our harmless battles; I believed him to be Mars; I have seen him seated in the midst of our muses, and listening with delight to their harmonious concerts; I believed him to be Apollo. — I was deceived; it is Jupiter himself; Mars loves not the muses; Apollo delights not in battle—King of birds! be consoled, in spite of the veil which conceals him, I have discovered thy master.”

What is said in this ode of the Emperor's viewing our battalions, and observing our harmless battles, is explained by the following letter.

“ You know, sir, that it has been the custom for several years that the

regi-

regiments of French guards, immediately after they have been reviewed by the king on the sandy plain\*, repeat their evolutions in the Campus Martius. The pleasure enjoyed by the public in seeing this amusement, which is truly interesting to a nation that loves its defenders, has been highly augmented to-day by the presence of Count Falkenstein; nothing could be more agreeable or various than the concourse of persons whom this happy circumstance had assembled. In order to give a rural air to this species of festival, every one seemed to have left behind him the affectation of dress and all

\* La plaine des Sablons.

cares of the toilet. By the simple appearance of persons of the highest distinction, we should have been induced to believe that the scene of this entertainment had lain many hundred leagues from Paris: Count Falkenstein, after having admired the beauty of the regiment, and commended their dexterity in performing their manoeuvres, was desirous to become acquainted with the character of their colonel to whom Paris is so much indebted. He went to the hospital of the guards, which is under his direction, and disdained not to enter into the most minute detail concerning the administration of it."

Our



Our illustrious traveller frequently visited our public gardens and other places of resort for people on foot or in carriages; he was assiduous in attending our theatres, where he was always much applauded; being at the French comedy, in company with the queen, on the 14th of May, to see the representation of *Œdipus*, a tragedy of Voltaire's, the public had an opportunity of applying to him the celebrated lines of *Jocasta* to her son, in the first scene of the fourth act, where she is speaking of the journey of *Laius*, "this king, superior to fortune, like you, disdained all troublesome pomp—proud battalions marched not before his chariot."

chariot." The allusion was so obvious that it could not be mistaken; it was a coat that exactly fitted the person; the spectators applauded with repeated shouts, and the persons of distinction in the boxes led the way to those of the pit.

The reader is not ignorant that in the early ages of the world the pagan oracles gave their responses in verse, hence poetry is called the language of the Gods; the best use therefore that poets can make of their talents, is to celebrate the exploits of heroes, and the virtues of good princes. Mr. Coston, professor in the Mazarine College,

sen-

sensible of this truth, has published a Latin poem with the following title "The memorable journey of Count Falkenstein." He has translated his performance into French, and happily delineated the true character of his hero; he shews him, endeavouring to conceal himself from public notice and applause, and seeking with unwearied assiduity every opportunity of acquiring useful information; no part of the work will be read with greater pleasure by the lovers of humanity than where he describes him as disdaining the proud mansions raised by luxury and ostentation, and visiting with tears and sighs those gloomy abodes inhabited

by

by pale sickness and melancholy  
old age.

The best artists have rivalled the  
men of letters in doing honour to  
this prince; during his residence in  
Paris there appeared a print repre-  
senting an act of beneficence exer-  
cised by the Emperor towards two  
poor men of Vienna, who were over-  
whelmed by a falling in of the  
ground where they were digging.  
Below the engraving is the follow-  
ing inscription by Marmontel,  
“What majesty attends the character  
of a popular king! You who tram-  
ple on your affrighted subjects, learn  
form



from the humane sensibility of a hero, of what value are the lives of men."

This print may be matched by another which represents the action of our august queen, that happened the 10th October 1773, near the village of Acheres. Lewis the fifteenth hunting in that neighbourhood, pursued a wounded stag, which seeing its own blood became furious, and hurt dangerously a peasant who was working in his vineyard; the queen, informed of this misfortune, sprung from her calesh, flew to the poor man's assistance, made

made him be carried home, and gave him whatever was necessary for his cure; and her majesty frequently visited his humble cottage during the time of his recovery.

The Emperor once laid aside his incognito, which in general he so carefully observed; while the queen was at play, he stood behind the chair of Madam A'delaide, and had his hands placed on it, when that princess said to him with a gracious smile, "Count, you begin to forget your incognito." He replied with vivacity, "One easily forgets it, madam, when near to you."

The

The anecdote of the three arm-chairs is of the same kind: the Count of Falkenstein being admitted to dine with their majesties, was offered an arm chair, which he refused, under pretence that it would be inconvenient for him, as he had been so long used in his travels to chairs of straw or wood. The king replied, "Let me have a folding chair likewise—these great machines constrain, encumber, and I am persuaded, a smaller one will be much more convenient for me." The queen was of the same opinion—so that the three august personages were seated on folding chairs.—The whole court were soon made ac-

C

quainted

quainted with this adventure, and they called it the anecdote of the three arm chairs.

The Count is so simple in his manners, and his example had such influence, that it rendered simplicity fashionable among those who were the least accustomed to it. He dined with their majesties the 29th May, on which is the Fête Dieu, the greatest festival in the year—the king being at table, ordered the captain of his guards to be informed, that he would walk out on foot in the evening: it is the custom on such occasions for the king to be attended by twelve of his body guards,



guards, a captain and other officers.

“ My Brother, said our illustrious traveller, is it not possible for you to take a walk without so numerous an attendance ; permit me for once to have the honour to serve your majesty as captain of your guards, and allow this numerous and brilliant company to remain at home.”

The king readily consented, walked with the Count to Trianon, traversed the park of Versailles, and returned by the *menagerie* : this walk has been often repeated, and the queen has been frequently of the party.

The Count Falkenstein was as simple in his dress as in his manners,

he wore a plain brown coat, and thus equipped visited the cabinets of the learned, the workshops of the artists, churches, academies, public monuments, manufactures, and every object from which he could hope to derive instruction.

But notwithstanding his endeavours to pass unnoticed, and to be mixed with the crowd, the fame of his virtues rendered him conspicuous. Having been to visit the works and collections of the painters who have the honour to inhabit the king's palace of the *Louvre*, a great number of people assembled in the court to see him, as he went from one  
apart-

apartment to another; the captain of the guard had ordered the invalids to be under arms, and the drums were beating; the Emperor was uneasy at observing all this parade displayed on his account, and desired the Count Angiviller, who accompanied him, to put an end to it; the Count represented to him, that the soldiers were under arms in order to make way for his majesty; "O," said he, I can easily do that for myself."

Whenever he happened to be at Versailles, there were immense crowds who accompanied him, as he walked out on foot with the King, Queen,

or Count of Provence: on an occasion of this kind, he said to his majesty—"We are now in great and good company."—I am assured that above three thousand people were present.

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In the year 1377, that is, four hundred years before the arrival of Count Falkenstein in Paris, the Emperor Charles the Fourth, of the ancient family of Luxembourg, made a journey into France: as this prince was puffed up with the dignity of his rank, he appeared with all that pomp and ostentation which great minds despise; he desired not

to



to see the productions of artists, the performances of the learned, the courts of justice, the asylums opened for indigence, nor, in a word, any of those objects which an ingenious people, and an immense city, offer to the curiosity of a foreign prince, who is intent on acquiring such useful information as may promote the glory of his empire, and the happiness of his subjects; he was inflexible in demanding all the honours belonging to his station; more desirous of appearing as Emperor than of deserving to be so; he had not the sweet satisfaction of mingling with the crowd, in order to find out wise men to consult with, or un-

fortunate men to relieve; his dwelling was the palace of our kings, the only place he thought worthy to receive him; he was entertained with continual shews, at which he affected to display the whole imperial pomp. France could not at that time boast of such productions as Nicomedes or Mahomet, nor of any of those tragedies which speak to the heart of kings and legislators; as they are destitute of vain parade, he could not have been sensible of their merit; he could only be amused with such entertainments as gratify the eyes at the expence of the understanding; he was served to his taste—A vessel was brought on the theatre

theatre with all its masts, sails, and cordage—Godfrey of Bouillon, surrounded with his knights, appeared on the deck; at a distance arose the city of Jerusalem, with its temple and towers covered with Mahometans—The vessel approaches the town, the Christians land, march to the assault, and the enemy defend themselves; the battle becomes furious, the city yields, and the Emperor applauds.

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The Emperor Charles the Fifth also visited France in 1540; this prince had come from Spain to chastise the insolence of the citizens of

of Ghent, who had revolted; he passed through France, and was received at Paris with the most respectful ceremonies; many triumphant arches had been raised on the road through which he passed; the parliament, in a body, came forth to meet and compliment him; the magistrates supported his canopy, and the constable marched before him with a drawn sword; all prisoners were set free, and the town presented him with a Hercules of silver as large as the life: during the time of his residence in this capital, he was treated with the most profound and studied respect, and neither Madrid nor Brussels had ever seen

Charles



Charles the Fifth surrounded with so much pomp. From the time of Charles the Fifth no Emperor had ever visited France till the arrival of the present.

The behaviour of the latter forms a striking contrast with that of his predecessors—This illustrious traveller had heard of the wonderful talents of the Abbé L'Epec, who teaches people born deaf to speak, and to communicate their ideas to others; accordingly he went to his house, *Rue des Moulins, Hutte St. Roch*, to convince himself of the truth of the reports which he had heard, and which he supposed might be  
exag-

exaggerated; he conversed with him a long time, and asked several pertinent questions concerning his singular profession; being fully satisfied by his answers, he enquired whether there were no persons to whom he could communicate a secret so necessary and useful to humanity. The Abbé replied, that he had addressed himself to government for obtaining two persons properly qualified in order to be instructed by him, but that his demand had not been attended to. The Emperor assured him, that he would seek out two intelligent persons at Vienna, who should be placed under the Abbé's direction, and after they were made

made acquainted with his wonderful art, should be then employed in the assistance of humanity. He then took leave, not permitting the Abbé to accompany him, adding these memorable words, "Your time, sir, is too precious to be wasted in vain ceremony—you owe an account of it to God." As he went out he left on a desk two slips of paper filled with twenty-five louis each, for the benefit of the indigent people, whom the humane and virtuous Abbé keeps in his house. Next day he by his master of horse, a gold snuff-box, with his picture.

As

As we are speaking of the humanity of a great prince, this may be a proper place for mentioning an anecdote of Lewis the Fifteenth, which is very little known, although all history can hardly furnish a greater example of magnanimity—A native of Dauphiny, by name Dupré, who had spent his life in cultivating the science of chymistry, invented a kind of fire so rapid and so devouring that it could neither be avoided nor extinguished: water, instead of destroying it, gave it new force; various experiments were tried with it on the canal of Versailles in presence of the king; which were repeated at the arsenal at Paris, and in several  
of



of the sea ports: the most intrepid soldiers trembled at the effects of so diabolical an invention, and considered it with the same horror that the ancient knights felt on the discovery of gun-powder. Being convinced that one man assisted by such an art could destroy a fleet, or burn a city, the king commanded Dupré never to communicate his secret, and paid him for his silence. His majesty, however, was at that time engaged in a ruinous war: the English braved him in his harbours, and every day he suffered new losses and disgrace. He could easily have destroyed his enemies, but he preferred to suffer rather than to augment

ment the evils of humanity. Dupr  is since dead, and his dangerous secret lies buried with him.

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The Emperor's generosity was not confined to men of distinguished merit, whom it is an honour to oblige. His purse was always open whenever he met with a proper though obscure object of charity. Going one morning into an elegant coffee-house, he asked for a dish of chocolate; he was simply dressed, and the waiters insolently refused it, under pretence that it was too early. He walked out without say-

saying a word, and went into a small coffee-house, nicknamed the One-eyed; he asked a dish of chocolate, and the landlord answered him politely, that it would be ready in a moment. While he waited for it, as the coffee-house was empty, he walked up and down, and was conversing on different subjects, when the daughter of the house, a very pretty girl, came down stairs: the Count wished her a good day, the ordinary salutation in France, and said to her father, that it was time for her to be married. "Alas!" replied the old man, if I had a thousand crowns, I could marry her to a handsome young man who is

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fond

fond of her; but the chocolate is ready." The Emperor having drank and paid, asked for paper, pen, and ink; the girl runs to fetch them, having no idea how they were to be employed; Count Falkenstein gave her an order on his banker for six thousand livres.

A similar adventure is related to have happened at Vienna, where the Emperor walks about on foot, and mixes with the crowd, in the same manner that he did at Paris: a child of nine years of age addressed him thus, "Sir, I have never begged; but my mother is dying; I must have twenty pence to get a physician;

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we have no twenty pence; oh! if your majesty would give us twenty pence how happy should we be?"

The Emperor gave it, and asked the name and place of abode of the sick person. As soon as the boy was gone, the Emperor put on a cloak belonging to one of his at-

tendants, went to the poor woman's house, prescribed for her, comforted her, and retired. The child comes in, a minute after, with his twenty pence and his doctor; the woman, surprized, said, she had already had a visit, and shewed the recipe: the doctor looks at it, and sees a note with the signature of his imperial

majesty for a pension to her of fifty  
ducats.

With such manners, and so much  
goodness of heart, it is not surpris-  
ing that the Emperor should be  
adored in his dominions, and that  
all ranks of people should shew an  
uncommon eagerness and curiosity  
to see and to know him. In his  
journey to France, he stopped at  
a village situated near a forest;  
while dinner was getting ready, he  
walked out with a single gentleman  
to see the neighbourhood of the  
place, which was said to be curious;  
travelling too far into the wood they

lost

lost their way, and were wandering in search of it, when they perceived a long avenue which led to a castle; they determine to follow it, and being arrived at the house, ask for the landlord; the servants told them, he was from home, but shewed them into the hall that they might rest themselves, while they acquainted the landlady; after common compliments, she made dinner be served up, and begged they would permit her to leave them a little in order to see the Emperor; they answered, that his imperial majesty would not pass so soon, that they were sure of it, as they belonged to his suite.

“ You give me your word for it gen-

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tlemen,



riemen, otherwise I should go and join my husband." During the time of dinner, they spoke on different subjects, and a great deal of the Emperor; the lady extolled his talents and virtues, the eminent qualities of his heart and understanding; in a word, said she, he is an accomplished model of a perfect prince, and I die of curiosity to see him: you have assured me, gentlemen, he will not pass for two hours; they answered again, that they were sure of it.

At length it was necessary for them to be gone, and to unravel the plot, Count Falkenstein took  
up



up the discourse, and said, "Madam, you are very desirous to see the Emperor." "Oh yes, sir, he is so good a prince;" "I can in some measure satisfy your curiosity, here is a golden snuff-box with his picture." The lady accepts it, and sees the portrait of the illustrious stranger whom she has within her house; tears of joy and satisfaction run down her cheeks; a mute panegyric; but on that account the more flattering to the susceptible heart of Count Falkenstein.

The Emperor is justly called the  
Titus of Germany; that worthy  
Roman lamented having lost a day,  
and I am told by unquestionable  
authority, that Joseph the Second  
allows no day to pass at Vienna,  
which is not distinguished by some  
act of bounty or humanity: an old  
Austrian officer, who had but a small  
pension that was insufficient for the  
demands of his family, came to wait  
on the Emperor, explained his in-  
digent condition, and entreated his  
compassion, adding, that he had ten  
children alive. The Emperor, de-  
sirous to know the certainty of this  
affair, went to the officer's house in  
disguise, and instead of ten found  
eleven.

eleven children. "Why eleven?" it is a poor orphan, replied the old soldier, that I took into my house from motives of charity. The prince immediately ordered an hundred florins to be given to each of his children.

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After these serious anecdotes we may relate one of another kind. Our illustrious traveller having gone to the vault of the palais royal, which is renowned for ice, the report spread; and among other people who came to wait in the passage was a hackney coachman, who had left his coach in order to see the Emperor; a gentleman comes out, and desires



desires the coachman to carry him in his coach. "I cannot carry you, sir, I am come to see the Emperor, and though you should give me a crown, I would not go along with you"—Come, come, I will give you six franks—"No it is impossible—I must see the Emperor"—With all my heart, but the Emperor is no longer in the vault, but just gone out—Are you sure of that? Yes—Drive on to the Hotel Treville, Rue Tournon—The coach arrives, and the Count of Falkenstein comes out, and pays the coachman his fare, wrapped up in a bit of paper. Our modern Phaeton unrolls it, for fear of being deceived; but what was his surprise



prize at finding, instead of six franks, a double louis. Quite confounded, he calls to the porter—"the gentleman is mistaken—he has given me two louis instead of six franks, which he promised me." Who then may he be? It is the Emperor, replied the other. "Falkenstein, exclaimed the coachman, with energy, how unhappy am I?—had I known it was you, I should have turned round on my coach-box to look at you:" with this he runs to the tavern to drink the Emperor's health. It is added, that he put a cockade in his hat, and in the ears of his rozi- nantes, publishing to all the world, "I have carried the Emperor."

The

The 17th May, the Count went to the French academy, and was received at the door of the antichamber by that society in a body: having entered into the hall, he desired that all the Academicians who were present should be named to him, and then placed himself in the middle of them, refusing to accept of any place of greater distinction, notwithstanding the intreaties of the Academicians. In order to give him an idea of the studies in which the academy is engaged, several discourses were read in his presence. Mr. D'Alembert read some additions which he had made

made to Girard's *Synonymes*; Mr. de la Harpe read some pieces of the first book of his translation of Lucan's *Pharsalia*; and Mr. Marmontel gave the beginning of a Poetical Essay on History. The academy presented one of their medals to Count Falkenstein, who having asked several questions relative to their institution, retired, testifying the highest esteem for the members, and desired they would not take the trouble to accompany him.

He behaved with equal condescension next day at the academy of Belles Lettres, and could not be

pre-



prevailed on to take the president's chair which was offered him.

We have already taken notice of his visiting the painters who reside in the Louvre; but his attention was not confined to those artists alone, who are immediately under the royal protection. To possess merit in his profession was a sufficient title for any artist's being honoured with an imperial visit; he conversed with them all in the language of their art, so that the praises which he bestowed were heard with gratitude and satisfaction, as coming from a person who appeared to be an able

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connoisseur. When he visited the royal manufacture of tapestry at the Gobelines, the soap works, and the dying manufacture, he astonished every one present, by entering into minute details with the workmen, and shewing that he was fully acquainted with the whole mystery of these trades. At Seve, where is the royal china manufacture, he met with a native of Mons, with whom he conversed a long time in German; he appeared thoroughly acquainted with that difficult art; he confessed to those who accompanied him that they had not such beautiful china in Germany; that neither the paste was so fine, nor the colours so bright.

At

At the house of Mr. Le Moine, one of the best statuarys in Europe, he saw a bust of the Countess of Barry; he asked, whether it was like her, and not too flattering. He saw likewise another bust, and asked whose it was; Le Moine replied, that it was the bust of Helvetius: "I am very sorry, said the Emperor, that he is dead, I should like to have seen and to have conversed with him."

During his stay at Paris, this illustrious traveller resided in the Hotel Treville, Rue Tournon, Faubourg St. Germain, in the neighbourhood of the Luxembourg garden;

den; the landlord, who is a German, and means to change the name of his hotel, and call it Hotel D'Empereur; it is said he means also to place a barrier around his house, a mark of distinction claimed by the master of every hotel in Paris, where a crowned head has once lodged; but in order to their being intitled to this honour, it is said, that the prince must have travelled incognito.

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SUCH are the anecdotes we have thought fit to translate from the French of the *Chevalier Coudray* for the entertainment of the English

E reader,



reader, of a prince, who instead of borrowing lustre from his high rank confers honour upon it. It is to be wished that so bright an example, set by the highest character in Europe, may be imitated by his inferiors. Candour, condescension, and humanity, are qualities peculiarly amiable in the great, and raise them above all the vain distinctions and empty honours which Fortune can bestow. There is a dignity attending the practice of real virtue, which is as much superior to the pride of rank and pre-eminence, as the pleasures of relieving the distressed, rewarding merit, and living for the benefit of our country and of mankind,

are



are superior to every other pleasure which the human heart can feel. A prince, who despising all inferior gratifications and subordinate applause, aspires at the approbation of his own conscience, by occupying with dignity and usefulness the station where Providence has placed him, is the most sublime character that history can describe: it can only, however, according to the disposition of human affairs, be attained by a few; and happy are they who have attained it.

But although this supreme pitch of human felicity be confined to the peculiar favourites of heaven, every

man may aim at acquiring some share of the same advantage; for as far as his influence extends, he may promote the interest of his fellow creatures, and become happy himself by advancing the happiness of the little circle in which he lives. From the example of Count Falkenstein he may behave with gentleness and condescension towards his inferiors, and treat every person, whom he has to deal with, with that politeness and those attentions, which it costs so little to bestow, and which yet are so flattering and agreeable to those who receive them.

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It is to be wished, in a particular manner, that the Emperor's behaviour on his travels may be considered as a model for other travellers whose professed object in seeing foreign countries is the same with his. If that should ever take place, an alteration would be produced equally beneficial to the traveller and to his country. It must be acknowledged, indeed, that most young Englishmen travel as much incognito as Count Falkenstein, but their views in doing so are very different. He laid aside the high character with which he is invested, and descended to a level with other men, in order to intermingle the more freely in so-



ciety, and to get the more easily acquainted with the genius and manners of the people whom he had gone to visit. They also quit the character which belongs to them, not to assume one more humble, but one more suitable to their foolish vanity; and, inverting Count Falkenstein's rule, appear with much greater splendor abroad than at home. The only object, it would seem, that many of them have in view, is to make a vain parade of their wealth and magnificence before strangers;—hence they attain the reputation of being rich, but that is the only fame which they acquire: They have not been accustomed to  
the



the manners and etiquette belonging to that rank which they assume. They appear awkward under a borrowed character; and proceeding from one absurdity to another, at length excite ridicule where they expected to meet with admiration. At the same time the main object of travelling is totally neglected; instead of observing the manners and behaviour of foreigners, and learning those circumstances which it might be useful for them to be acquainted with, if they should ever be called upon to fight, or to negotiate with the enemies of their country, they have been at pains only to discover

their own humours and caprice. When they appear in public places, it is rather to be seen than to observe. They know nothing of the art of mingling with the crowd; they court distinction, and they acquire it.

In private companies their vanity is attended with still worse consequences. Impatient of instruction from those whom they despise, they aspire at being thought as much wiser as they are thought to be richer than their neighbours. They disdain to enter into any detail concerning the strength or commerce of nations inferior to England; and unwilling

willing to hearken to such as could instruct them with regard to these subjects, they are vainly eager to communicate all they know of the strength and weakness, the riches and poverty of their own country. Hence, as they have displayed their wealth without taste, they display their knowledge without discretion. Foreigners avail themselves of both, and how ignorant soever they may be of the domestic manners and municipal laws of England, many of them (thanks to our own indiscretion) are well acquainted with its situation, as far as it relates to foreign powers.

The



The same supercilious haughtiness which makes our travellers despise to learn what it would be useful for them to know, and the same ridiculous vanity which makes them eager to discover what it is hurtful for them to communicate, are visible in their most minute concerns. If they visit the shops of tradesmen, or examine the productions of artists, it is only to have an opportunity of giving the preference to the arts and manufactures of their own country. Instead of soothing by gentle behaviour or fair words, those, who are able to oblige them, they displease and disgust them; and when they have occasion to make any purchase,



chase, they seldom fail to pay for their abrupt rudeness and affected superiority.

It would be impossible indeed to describe the various train of inconsistencies into which, what they call a sense of their own dignity, is ever apt to hurry them. Proceeding on a supposition that they are infinitely superior to all foreigners, they often seem to disdain to treat with them in person. Whatever intercourse they are obliged to keep up, is carried on through the mediation of servants, who make a revenue of their folly. These are the ministers they employ for supplying  
their

their wants and gratifying their pleasures. *They* alone treat with the natives, while their lordly master is constantly either imprisoned in his carriage, or gazing from his window on the people whom he pretends to visit, as if they were a shew of wild beasts.

Sullen sulky characters are liable through pride to be carried into this extreme; the more gay and frolicksome are exposed, through the same passion, to a more dangerous misfortune. Unwilling to maintain an equal society with people of their own rank, incapable of supporting the pretensions of the character  
which

which they have vainly assumed, and unable to live altogether secluded from social pleasures, they have no resource left but to associate with those who at once gratify their inclinations and their pride; who flatter all their passions, and who are ever ready to sacrifice the honour of their country, or their own, when avarice and pleasure prompt them. Such men and such women there are in all countries; the number of them does not diminish, for where dupes and coxcombs abound there will always be coquets and knaves. But the loss which young men sustain in frequenting such company, is irreparable; and

it



it is deeply affecting, even to the most unconcerned spectator, to see precious years thrown away in the pursuits of vanity and voluptuousness, which ought to be employed in acquiring knowledge, and in confirming habits of virtue.

It is not perhaps a vain hope that the illustrious example which Count Falkenstein has set may be attended with good effects. Our young gentlemen will, perhaps, begin to consider how usefully the years commonly spent in travelling may be employed. They will come to regard them not as so much useless time which they may throw  
away



away as agreeably as they can, but as a most *critical period*, the improvement of which will decide their future fortune in life.—Of this at least, I am persuaded, that if they keep Count Falkenstein's example in view, they will run no risque of falling into the errors above described.

THE END.

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